

## Deception and Candor

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Summary: I lied. He was never in chains. Only bounded inside an illusory cage he chose to restrain himself in.

## Deception and Candor

I love humans.

That's what I made myself believe.

The very memory of how I begun wasn't vague. Instead, I remember it as clear as day, where white bright skies went gray and so I painted it with colors of different shade.

It was a choice. No one forced me to do such thing. I simply just had the will.

And that will became my uttermost shame.

I simply wished to help. To reach out to those in need of my services. Nothing more, nothing less.

I am at no ones side. At no ones favor. I make the tables turn. I untangle the threads in which I burn.

Yet, there is still something I yearn.

No matter how many lives I tend to play with. No matter how times I've tainted my hands with dirt, there is something that's missing.

Humans are of the same creature. They are alike yet so different in nature.

They come from a similar race but what differs them are their heritage.

I could go on and on for hours about this topic, but one thing still stands.

That man is not human.

He goes by the name of Heiwajima Shizuo.

A serene connotation despite his destructive ways. The irony of it makes me want to puke.

By the first meeting, he immediately dismissed me.

In the beginning, I've merely watched him from afar, heard countless stories about his infamous strength.

I wanted to see it for myself. With the given chance, we were formally introduced to each other.

I can't say I'm happy with the result. But I'm not disappointed either.

Rather, I'm quite amused.

How can something so terribly inhuman pretend his hardest to be one? I'd laugh at his petty attempts. It's just too pathetic.

What's worse, is that I can never predict his actions. And that he can never be swayed by reasons.

He is so stupidly naive, at the same time, so sharp and incisive.

I can never tell what he is thinking. One moment he's angry, the next he's calm and placid.

He's the precise example of a paradox.

He contradicts everything I'm certain of.

He's the only one who stood tall above them all.

I can only love humans, that's why I hate him.

Because he isn't.

And so, I made it my goal to see him suffer. Just for the purpose to observe his reactions. How well would he handle a situation he's never been to, or what would he do if he were in this condition? Information is power. Even still, I doubt it'd be any use. For he is like a tide that changes its course overnight. Continuous.

He'd do the things I least expect, and denies the things I wanted.

I hate him.

To the point where I'd go my lowest, just for the sake of seeing him in distress.

Who could ever accept a monster like that?

I hate him, just as he hates me.

That is how it will always be.

That our animosity would only end, when one of us drops dead.

There's no other option for that fact.

Granted, I have sent him gangs after gangs. All the while I've seen how he beaten them up without breaking a sweat. Ripping out stop signs, throwing vending machines. Really, how can anyone label him as a human?

How can anyone tolerate his existence? Humans are so blinded with kindness that they'd neglect their worst traits. So narrow-minded and biased about a particular being because they hold more importance than of the other half. So typical. So selfish, it's fascinating. That's why I love them to begin with.

Emotions so easily manipulated, altered and exchanged. The tiniest spark can ignite the strongest of flames. Give them a little push, they'd respond in many, different ways. Be it hatred, violence, I'd just gladly perceive it as another form of love.

He, of course, isn't part of the equation.

Because, in my eyes, he will never be human.

But I was wrong, I was mistaken. That I'd able to finish him by using dirty tricks. With all the turmoil surrounding the metropolis, the time has come to finally settle the score. That monster shouldn't be alive anymore.

I'd make sure he dies, even if it'll cost me my life.

I barely survived the fall, still I managed to live on. Years has passed, the aftermath is plastered through my memories. The humiliation of defeat forever scarred my body, flashbacks that repeat incessantly. It's something I'll wear till eternity, just to remind myself what has gone and lapsed. A lot had changed since then, but some never will. Settings may differ, circumstances might change. At the end of the day, there's nothing to regret as long as you were yourself.

It's a decision you chose to take.

However, was the pain worth it? Not once have I questioned myself about the things I did. For I just simply wanted to see. I just love to observe humanity. Years has passed... After what's gone and lapsed... It seems that acceptance is a must.

As I reminisce the past and compare the difference between now and then, I can't say I don't have my share of regrets. In my wheelchair, I see two children smiling at me, the scenery's so different but I'd get used to it. Contemplating what I've done, and where has it gotten me. At least I understand.

I too, have forgotten something important.

That I am also human.

End  
file.